

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN



THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAMMOTH

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THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...

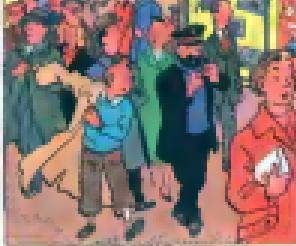


Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes... Ah-ah, ah-ah...

The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

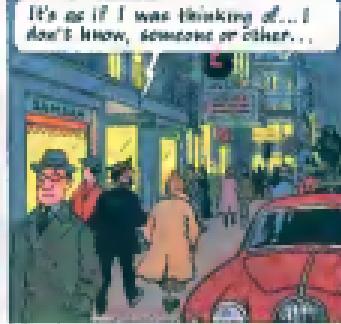
He looks like Alcazar, don't you think so?



...but this end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opens, and his photo... where? The barbers!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, if you suppose, if I just think about him, he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!



Look here, you misguided misite, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

Corporal!



It's extraordinary! I imagined
the Captain and I were just this
moment talking about you!

Quick! Off we go!



You, of you... weren't we Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-the-box. It's incredible... But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Sir... Well... Sir... I travel... But...



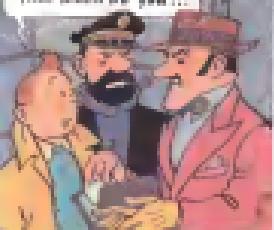
For favor... excuse please... Is
much hurry... Already late for
appointment... I go now...

Oh, what a pity... At all
events, here's my address,
and where can we find
you, Dan... er...



Er... um... At this hotel...
at... Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol...
And when do you...



Just as... How go... Adios,
 amigos!

Goodbye,
General...



Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend
Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!



You, an odd
fellow, eh well,
leave me...



?

OH!



Cropper! It's the
general's wallet.
He didn't put it
right inside his pocket.



Quick! We can't have got far.



Hello, where's he gone to?



Perhaps he got into a car.
... Never mind. The Hotel
Bristol is quite near; we'll
leave his wallet there.



A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar!... No, Sir, we
have no one of that name here.



I wonder: perhaps he's registered under another name... Ramon Zarbo!

Ramon Zarbo?... No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?

South American. Quite well-built. A long chin... small mustache... Wait, I'll try to draw him for you.

There... That's about it...

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.

Well? That's odd. Well, thank you.

BRISTOL

Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?

Death what be wandering

I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on, we'll go here.

Bring us... er... let's see... Let's see...

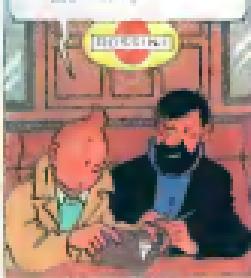


Here then, let's see what's inside here.

INTERIOR

French notes, French and Belgian money, a hotel bill, a four-leaf clover, a lottery ticket from San Theodore... in fact, nothing to give us a lead.

... And in this envelope, photos of aircraft... Odd, isn't it, Captain?



Ah, a letter!... This time I think we're on to something. Look, Captain.

Friday
Dear Sir,
Please telephone
PIG 8524 between 10.
and 12.0 p.m.
and ask for Mr. Debrett.
Ask for Mr. Debrett.
Regards,
J.D.M.C.

Put the general's address right here.

I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter.

Hello, is that PIG 8524? May I speak to Mr. Debrett?... Who am I?... A friend of General Mazer, and I... Hello... HELLO!...



Can you hear me? ...
What? ... You don't know
the name Alcazar? ...
What about Enrico
Caruso? ... Nor that? ...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and ... I beg
your pardon? ...

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Belvedere! I
don't know your General
Alcazar, and I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!

There's a post-
man for you! ...

Very odd ... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad ... We'd
better be getting home to Marthasville.



A little later ...

How strange. The
front door's open ...

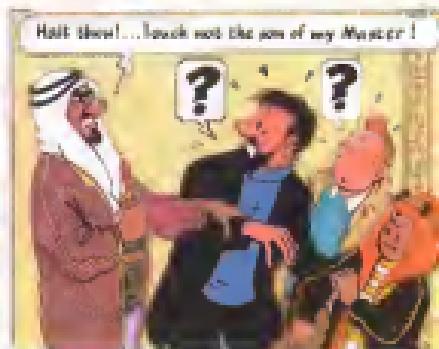
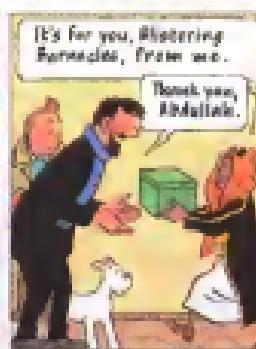
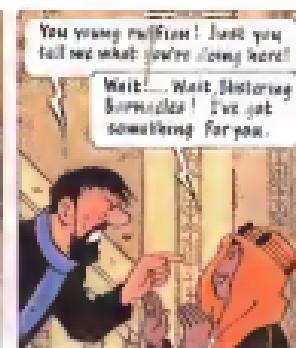
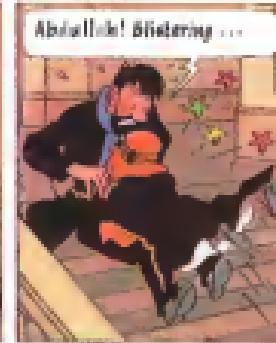


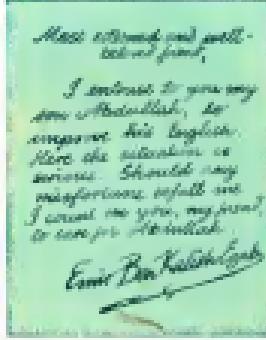
I'll get to the bottom
of it!



Billions of blue blisterning bar-
nacles! Who's the plundering son
of a sea-ghoulkin who did that? ...
Heester! ... Heester!



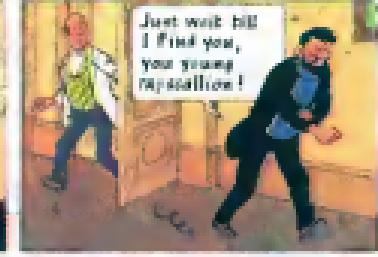




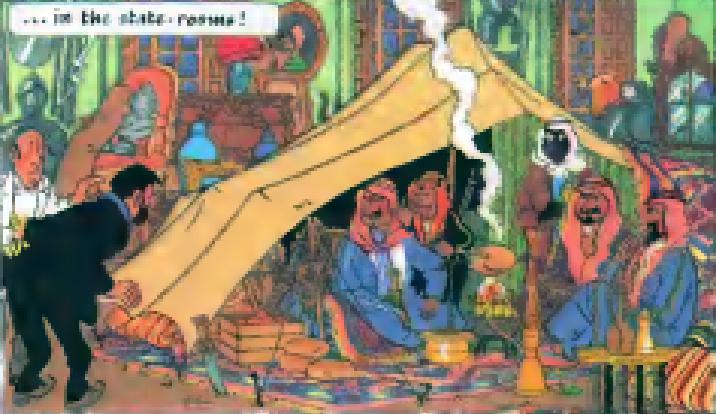
What do you make of it? Our things' clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. Well, have to bring the young scamp to heel.



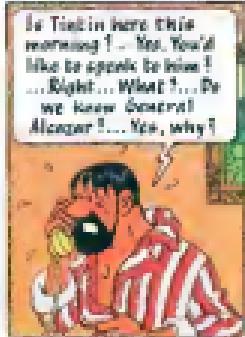
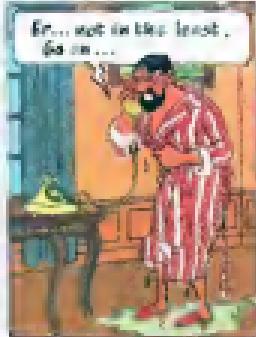
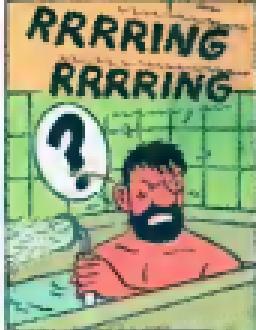
Wait there!... Touch not the son of my Master!



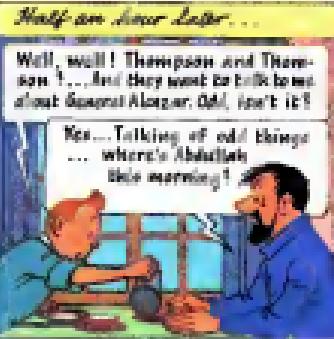
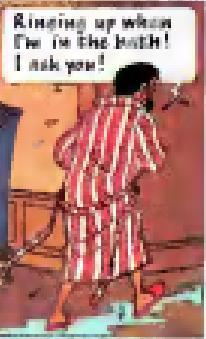
Oh sir!... Sir!... It's terrible, sir... All these foreign persons have settled themselves...



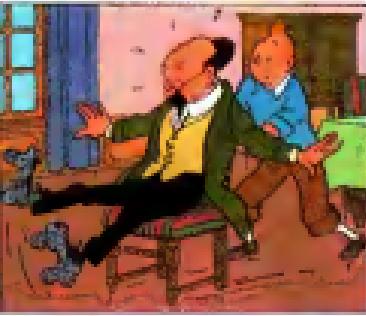
The next morning...



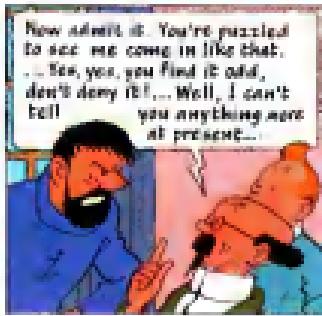
You'll explain that to Eddie later! Good ... What? ... No, no trouble at all ...

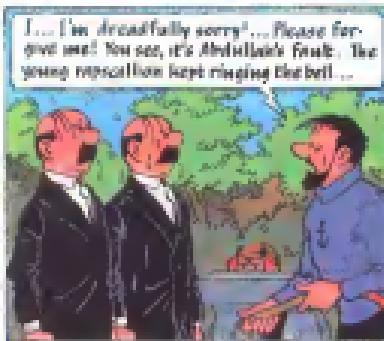
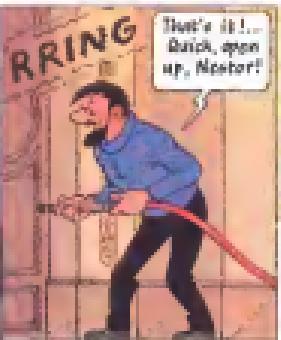
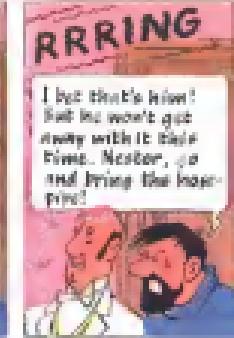
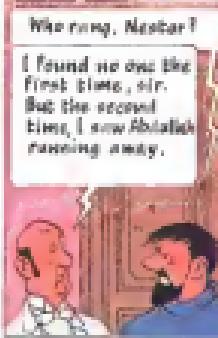
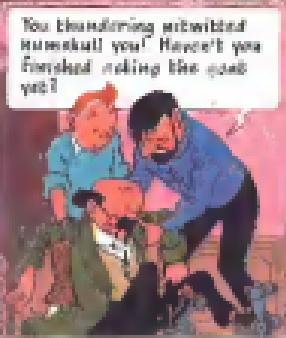


Yes ... Talking of odd things ... where's Abdullah this morning?



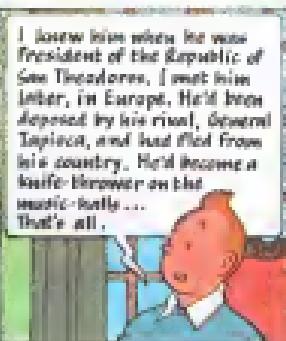
Very well, Bunkie. And you?





A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have assigned to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...



Alas! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!

It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel... or... the Hotel...

Excuse me, yes, we know.

Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mandrake the wind", that's our motto.

Well said!... To be precise: "Dread the word", that's our motto. The general may have caused Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.

Ah! Here comes Nester with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing, my hat has shrunk.

How strange, Wilhem, it's the opposite: I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see, we've got swelled up. You have my hat and I have yours,

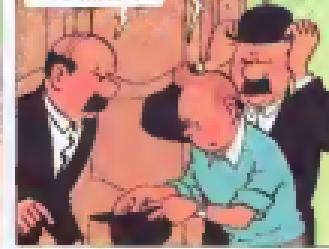
That's it: our hats are in a hurry. In short, we're extraordinary...

But it still isn't right!

Here is mine!



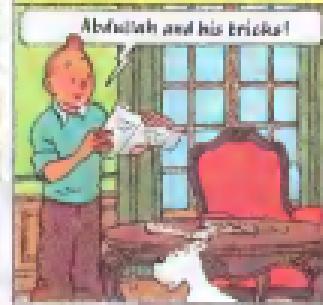
May I see?... You can keep Abduallah's behind this... Abduallah!



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



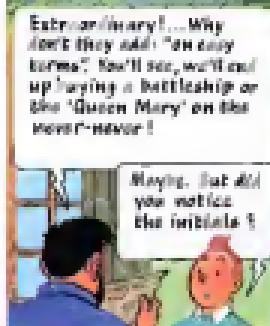
A little later on...



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments, but that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Dawson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Lorraine...

General Alcazar! Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. The man who's here. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain, you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Merlimpique.

O.K.

An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black jaguar.



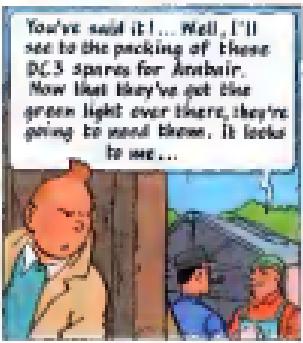
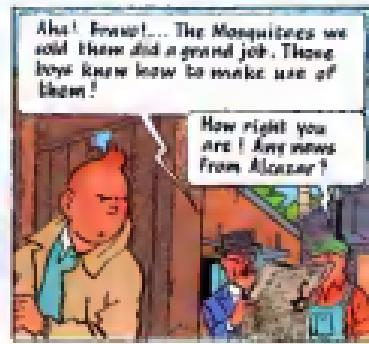
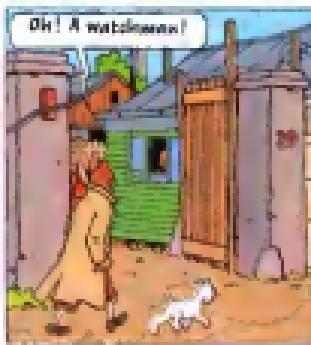
Quick, taxi!... Follow that black jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?



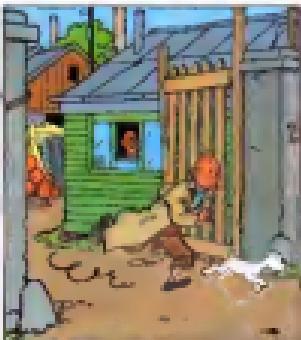
Fifteen minutes later...



What's that? ... What are
gareth's going on? ... What's
this confounded thing?



An alarm-clock!



A young lad with a white dog,
you say? ... How did they
manage to get in without
your seeing?



"Daily Reporter" sir...



Great Scott! What will the Cap-
tain think of this?



A little later...





Thundering bycoons! The poor Emir! This explains the serious situation he mentioned in his letter... Well, you're right: we can't send Abdullah home...

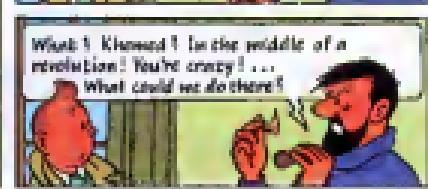
No, but...

... perhaps there's another way out... If we can't send him off, there's nothing to stop us going away ourselves.

That is, you're a genius. But ... where can we go?



Where? ... Well, what about Khemed? That's it! Khemed ... Great idea!



Perhaps we might try to rescue the Emir. At the same time, we could try to clear up a bit of business of the aircraft.

No thanks, not for me! ... You go if you like ... I'm staying here!



All right, I'm coming.



A youngster with a white dog! That reminds me of something... but what?

RRRING
RRRING



Hello!... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back!



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I met yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Gad!... Si, Nansen. You know him?... Gad! The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He fixed your number in my wallet.



That's!... So he's the one striking his wife into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Wadi-Sam, capital of Khamid, three days later...



Here comes the plane from Beirut.



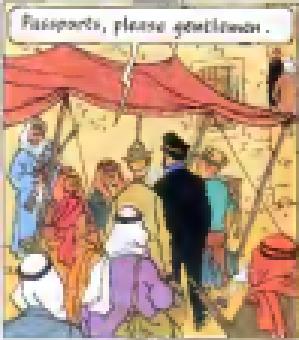
You understand? If he's aboard, you put the briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old credits you can never be sure...



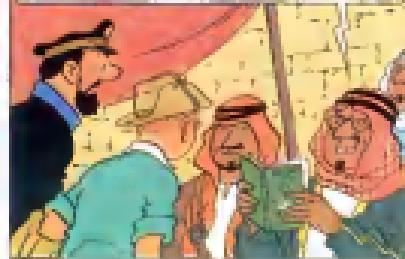
I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.



Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen, you have no permit to stay in Khamid. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.



Blistering heatwaves! What sort of a planet is that?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.



Thundering typhoons! You're not getting away with this! Our passports are perfectly in order... You have no right...



Billions of blistering heatwaves! To have come so far, and then be held up by these Bushi-headdresses! It's absolutely infuriating!

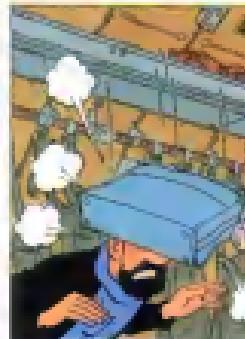


An hour later...

There they go! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains... John Radish, Tom...



Another eternity in this flying coffin... And a bumpy trip into the kangas. Rattled about like dice in a box... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next...



Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to us?



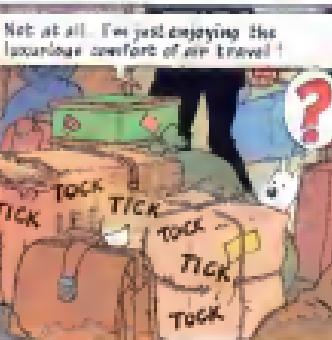
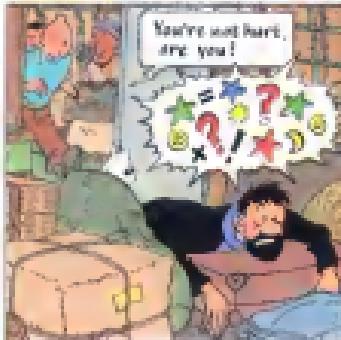
Look out, Captain!



Another...



... air-pocket!



Golly! I am small trouble. There's something similar going on here, I must warn Tintin at once.



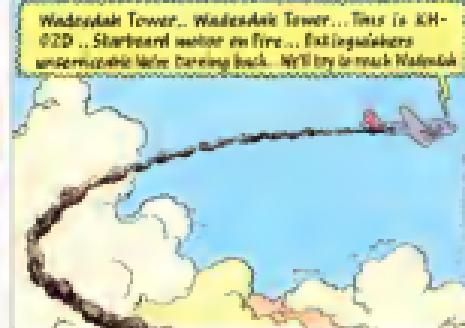
I'm considering WHO material the authorities at Wednesdays of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Simey, what's the number?



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you...



This is KH-02B... Starboard engine still burning... Port engine running... We are losing height...



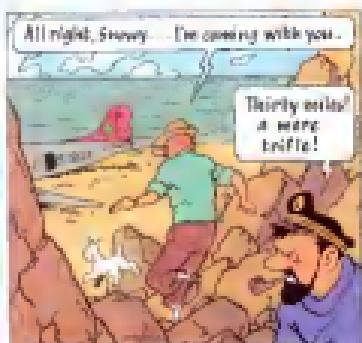
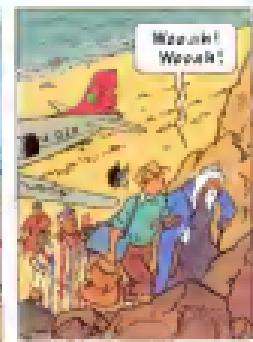
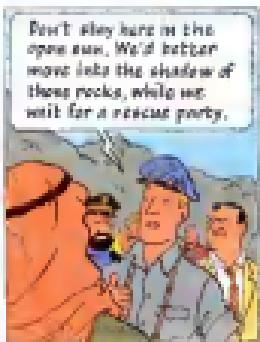
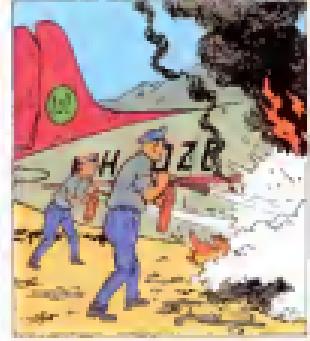
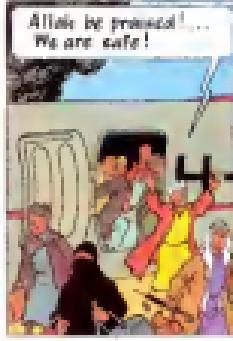
Don't lose your head, sir. You'll find a parachute quite useless now...

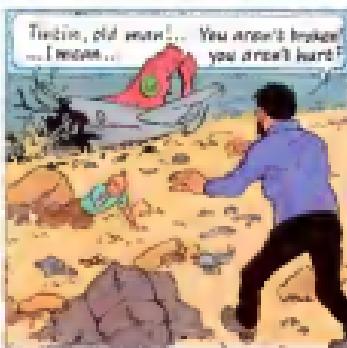
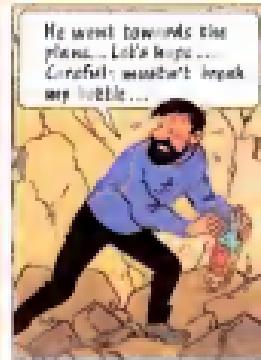
I need a parachute, I tell you! I've paid for my seat, and...



Look here, young fellow, keep calm, will you? And leave the pilot alone: he's got enough on his plate already!







Snowy, good old Snowy. You escaped danger, didn't you? And I just thought you wanted to play.

You know, Tintin, you ought to take me more seriously.

A tiny-burst in the baggage compartment... So I've thanks to the fire in the starboard motor that we're still alive!... Normally, at this time, we'd be flying over the mountains, over the Jebel... You can imagine, it will blow up in the air...



You, we've had a lucky escape. I wonder...

Where?

Nothing...but I think we won't hang around here. Let's go.

All right. Let's go.



When we get to Midanak, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Simeon Olivine de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jamb!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



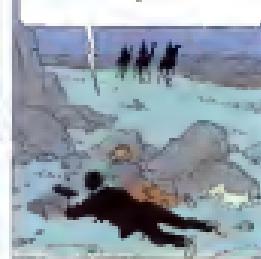
Lie down? We simply must reach Weddah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down! Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're not looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rustling...

It's just an aero-plane... Listen...



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

No, snoring! I didn't hear anything.



Halt!... Who goes there?



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Webster. ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Webster, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!

ZZZ



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...

ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...

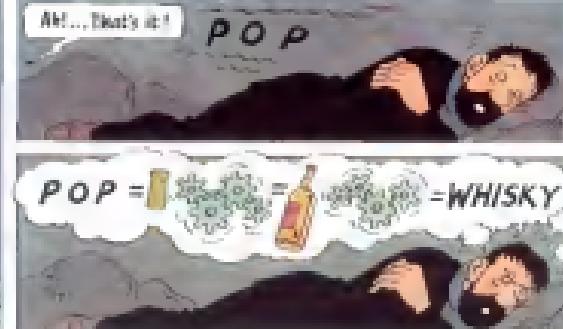


I always keep a small flask of rum. For emergencies. Now's the time to use it.

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah... that's it!

POP



Look! Now there, where are those sprouts?... I mean biscuits... I'd like a word or two w-w-with them!

Shh! Be quiet! We must get on...



Early next day...

Wadsworth at last! Now we must be careful... the main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.



There, you see. We got in unguarded. Now we must find Senator Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.



Yes, that's it. I remember.

You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?



Senhor Oliveira!... Senhor Oliveira!...

The joker's always off his switch!



Senhor Oliveira!... Senhor Oliveira!... Open the door! It's Kinski!



Blistering barnacles!... A patrol!

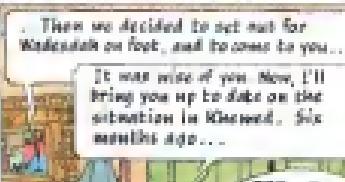
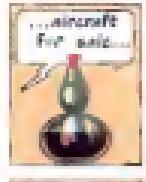
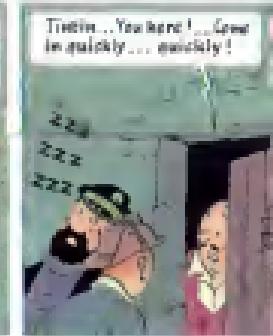


Quick, we must find somewhere to hide!

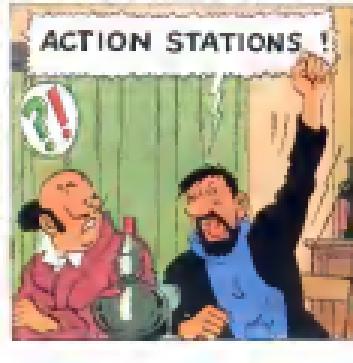


What's that?





It was nice of you. Now, I'll bring you up to date on the situation in Kandahar. Six months ago...



... What was that?... Er...
Kings... me... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Further...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, National
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble flared up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...



... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Shaik Bob El Far took con-
trol of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, as I speak, came
out of the star. The rebels marched
on Wadisah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senator Olmina.
You see, the rebel Mosquitos
and the Arabair DC's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.



In... I've no idea
at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the forest with
Fatima, their wife, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.



HAAAAAH!



!



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.



Cousin, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave that
city, and join the Emir.

Yes... Good.



Two days later...

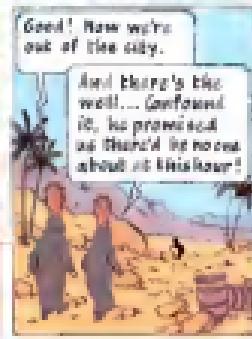
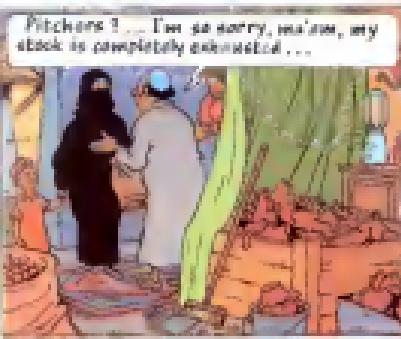
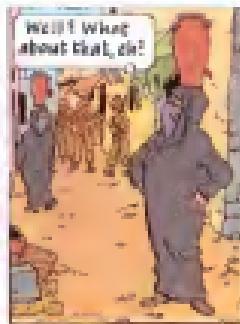
You see, there's...
A patrol coming...

I know...
Keep calm!



TEN
THOU...





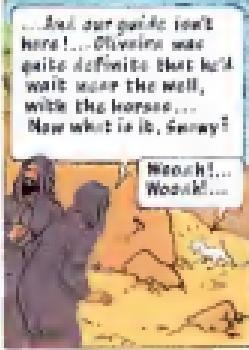
Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress fatimah? What do you want, any way?

WOAH!

...Billion of blue blistering hornetts! That old witch will raise the alarm!...

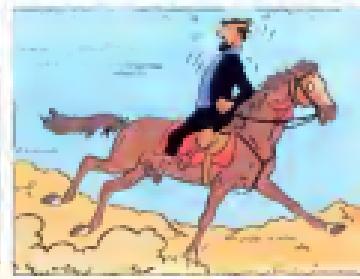
...and our guide isn't here!...Olivine was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

There he is! Fine back in the saddle again...



And a few minutes later...

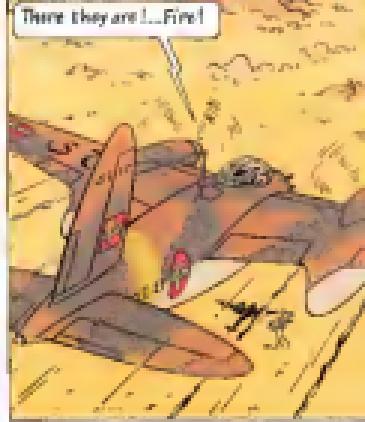
My stirrups, blistering hornetts! ... My stirrups!

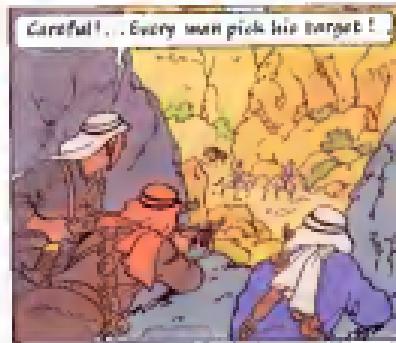
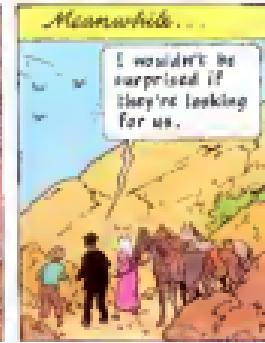
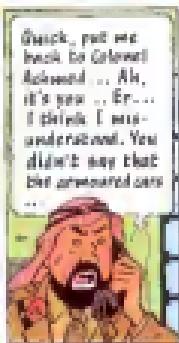
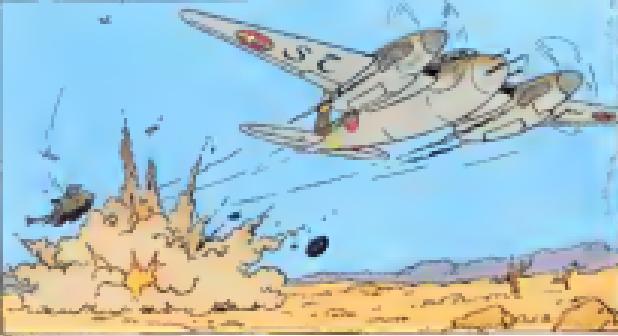


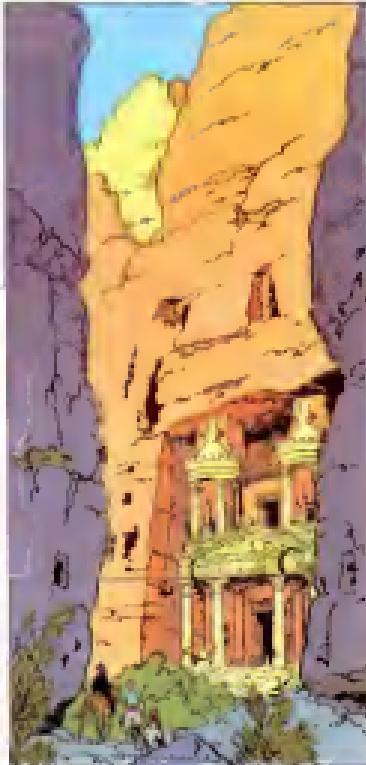
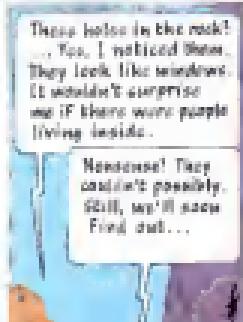
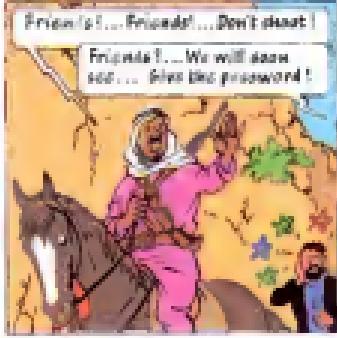
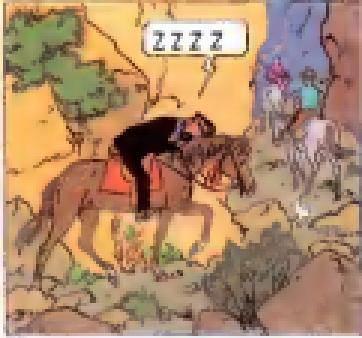
Meanwhile...

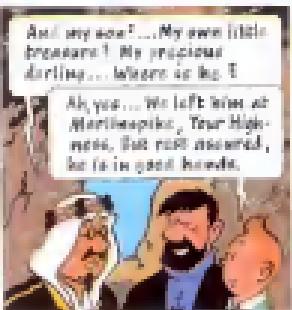
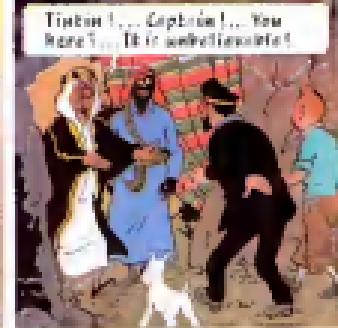
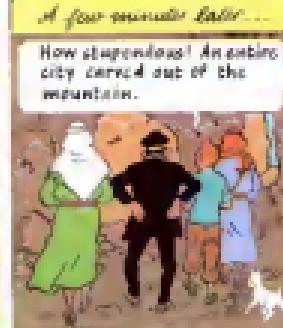
Hello, Colonel Achmed! ...This is Matt Faust at Sheik Nah El El's headquarters... Order your Mosquitos to take off immediately... Hello? ... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three hornetts who have left Wadi-Saleh, heading for the Jordan... You understand!

...Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello! ... Yes, the boys are partisans of Ben Kallan Ben... ...We wipe them out.

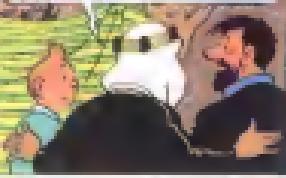








And you, what brings you here?... Coming to ask us to sit down. You must be tired, and you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seems to have an important part.

Arabair? The dog!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadisalih, an important link on the route to Mecca.

One day, about three months ago, my little Abduallah, my Flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabic slaves loop the loop a few times before heading to Wadisalih...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seeing this opportunity of pleasing my little companion, they refused, on some brought-up excuse...



Slave trading, we know... Their planes breaking down at Wadisalih on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Muhammadan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.



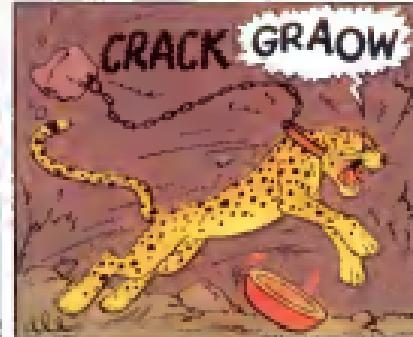
Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also sent another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.



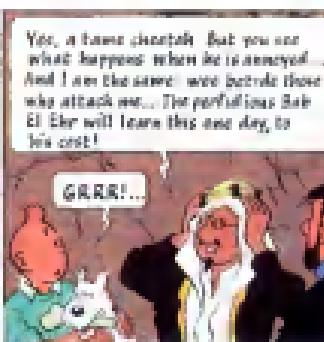
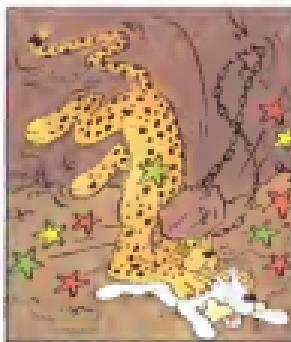
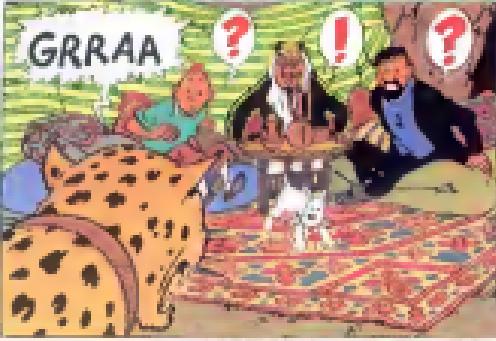
On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadisalih and Mecca those Arabair migrants are sold as slaves.



Eh... Too... But to get back to Arabair those jacks* stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Ali Elay was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that thieving hyena, that silly hyena, that... hyena, that...



GRRAA



To Master ? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.

Aha ! This will please
Sah El... Elh...

GRAOW !

Again ? What has happened now ?

It is Ben Yusef, O Master... Ayedra jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he tried to Ayedra's tail...

Oh, poor creature !

Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Oi Thompson is a dangerous man.

Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.

Here signalling to us... We can go...

Ala, so that's the boat we're going to board. It's a show... No, I beg your pardon : a steamship.

Look, they have just put a boat out.

Danger ! Danger ! A mounted patrol !

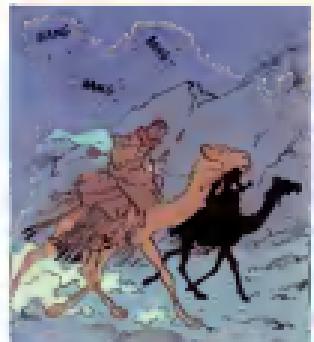
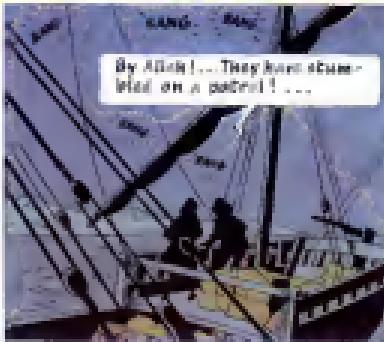
By the board of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!... Who goes there?

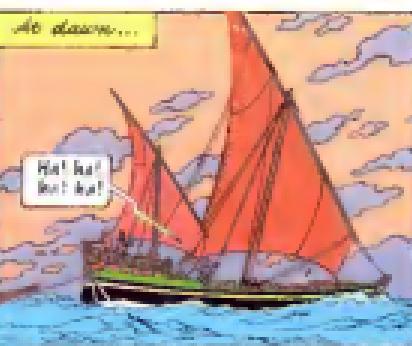


KANG - Kang

By Allah! ... They have started on a patrol! ...



Hat-hat-hat! Soldiers? Those? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they'll bolt like rabbits!



Hat-hat-hat! I was thinking of those tempestuous half-naked coastguards galloping headlong! Anyhow I think they were drying bo



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... in which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of? ... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



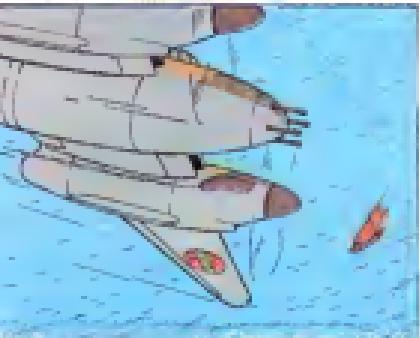
Not that, certainly, but...

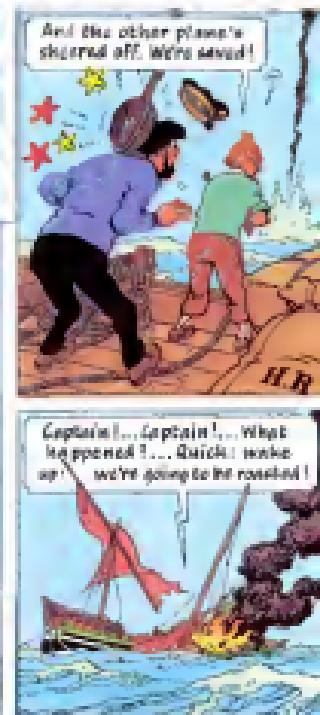
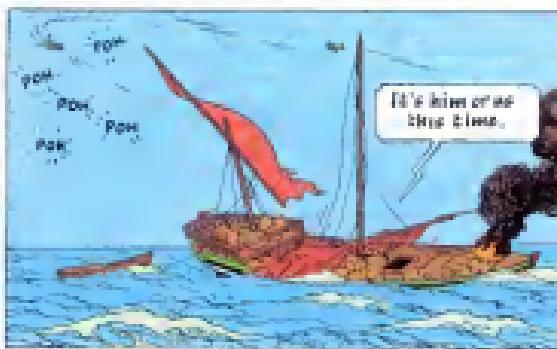
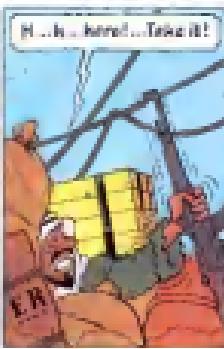
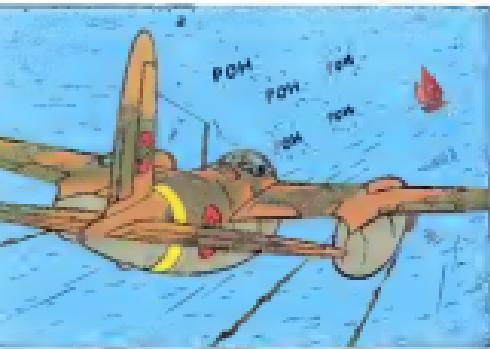
But what?

Over there, Captain! ... That's just what I feared!



Thundering typhoon! Ho-ho-ho!





I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind...

But what... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and sailed off.

Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!

Thunder! Typhoon! My god!

Be sorry... but there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.

A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of hot blithering barnacles... who need two cups of freedom, and no one to oppose! It's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?

Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Mim!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he faraway?

No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy dog! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Shut...



What do you mean, scot? I'll break your manners, you blithering barnacle! I'll soon deflate you! Ecotoplane!

But... but... my name's Gert... Not Gert... No, Gertjan...

Look out!... Mind your knife!



Er... Er! Gert... So your name's Gert, eh!... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! Hello! This is R.R. K.D... This is R.R.D calling R.R. W.M... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is R.R.W.M... This is R.R.D calling R.R. W.M... Over.



Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure
of this place, Princess?

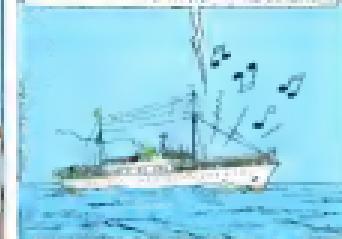
But of course, Morgana.



What an ideal yacht for a
princess!



The "Sekhmetwadi" is certainly
a wonderful ship... And what a
good idea to have a fancy-dress
ball on board... Ma-m-mollow!



Please excuse me, my lord, there is a radio
call for you... It's urgent...

Very well, I'm coming.



You see, dear lady?
Business, always business.
I am reduced to a
slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it
a thought.



What an enchanting host he is.
This cruise aboard the "Sekhmetwadi"
is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman.
Naturally, millions of tongues
spread rumours that he has a
skull past...



It's only to be expected that
such luxury attracts envy.
One must admit...



Hello! Hello! Ké Vé! calling EKO
... Transient in code... Over.



Powerful insects have along the blue goat.
Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag... Out.

Ké Vé! to EKO.
Understood. Out



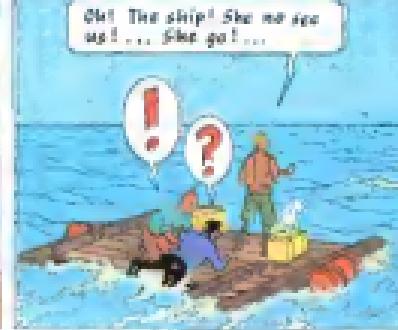
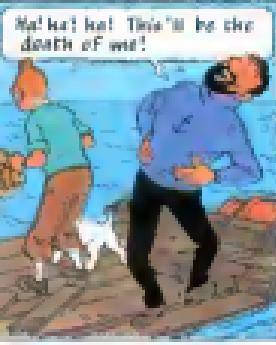
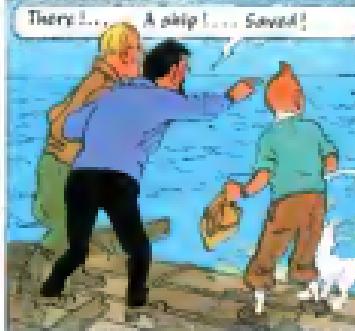
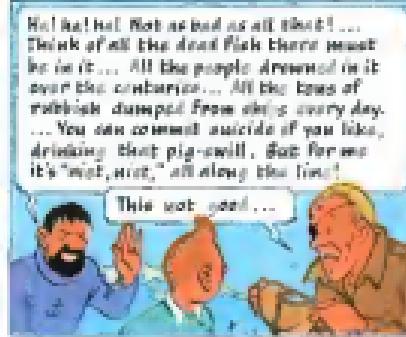
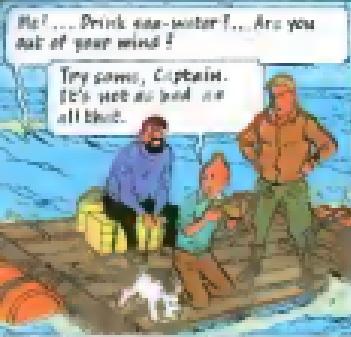
Good... Now for the post, and
we'll decode this formular.
1 and 2 - I know who they are!

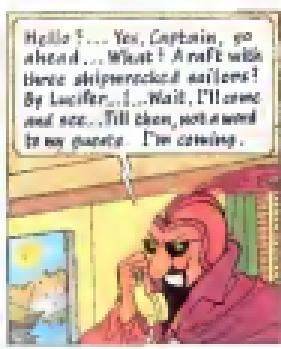


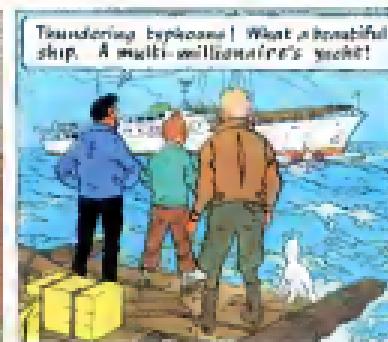
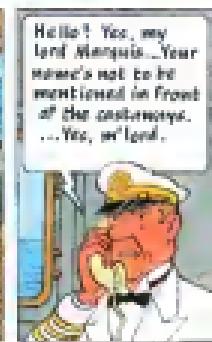
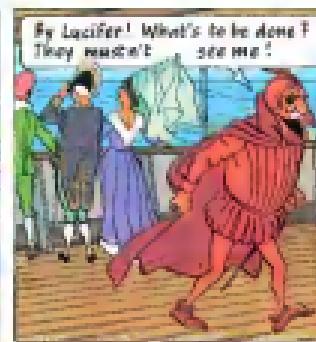
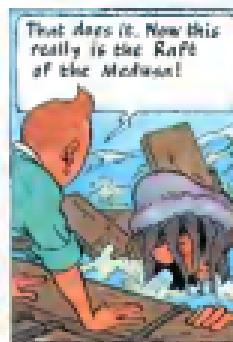
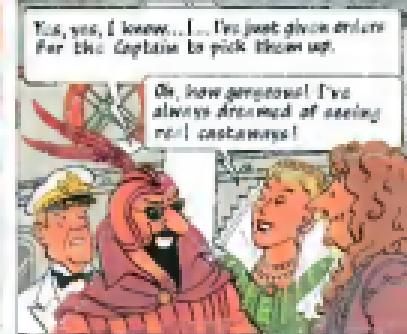
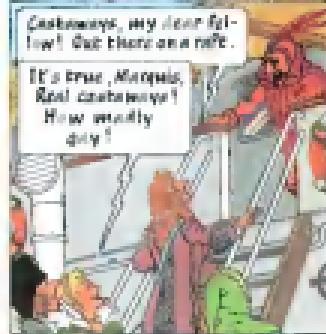
There... I have it... Excellent!
All fauna has done well.
We're rid of these two
pesticides!



If this person, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr.
Boukhardt's diet... plankton and sea-water.







Thundering typhoon! What a magnificent yacht! Where is she? ... Hey, are they having a dinner on board?



Almost... A fancy dress ball... And what a bunch they are! High society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the who's.



Far in Malacca! Can you believe it... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Poldack.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, captain me, me!



Signora Castafiore! ...Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back ashore!

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Reddy... er... Haddock.

...In all, Signora Castafiore, Haddock's ill!



The so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

You, sir! They were aboard a sampan, being taken to Macao...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khawad. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two countries, rechristened them in your lordship's name.

Bravo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... up in the clouds again!... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what to do? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Rosetta"... She's in these waters... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance...

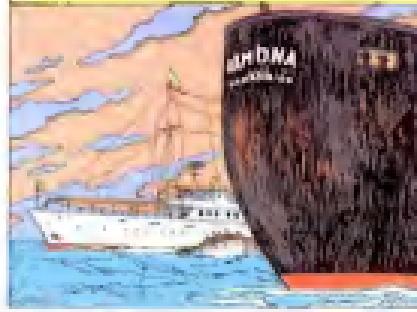


Next day at dawn...

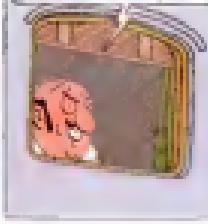
Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchantman bound for Mecca: just where you were looking for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.



And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Safe travels! Ha!



Ah, this is the place for me to book aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: there are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



Mr, you tubercular scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked me in, like an silent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering typhoon, open up! You ill-tempered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up now already?



This is a happy occasion, eh, old bottle-nose! We must have a drink on it.

Allah! What's going on?
How... how are we...



... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of Al-Saqqafah's Freighters. Yesterday, I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Saharaexpress" as if by accident. ... Nearly done, eh?



If you're seaworthy, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadi-dah!

Wadi-dah! but that's murder! Shukrullah! He's put a price on our heads...



You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life!... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!



Or else what?... Hal-hal-hal!... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me?... Now, like a trip-hearted day, I'll leave this bottle to console you.



'Bye for now!... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your board under or over the sheet?



Hu! hu! hu!... That's a good one! His island!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink, tonight!



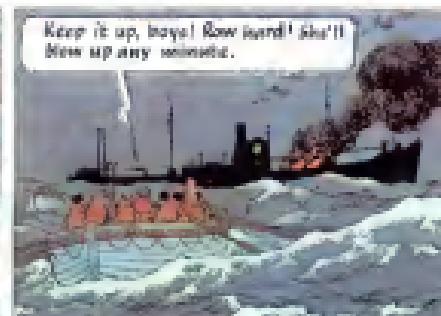
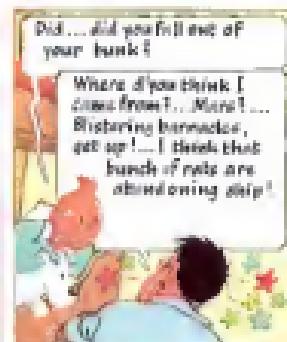
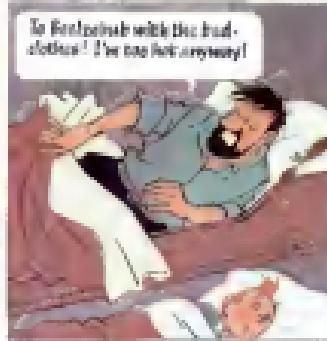
Over!... No, not back way...

Under!... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!



Sorry!... Drop a download...
... always a download!





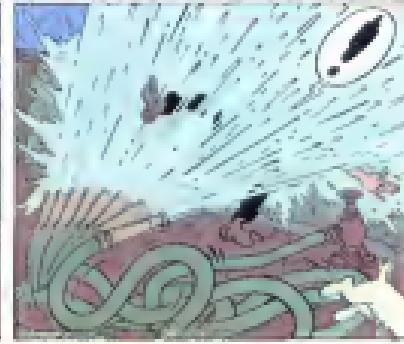
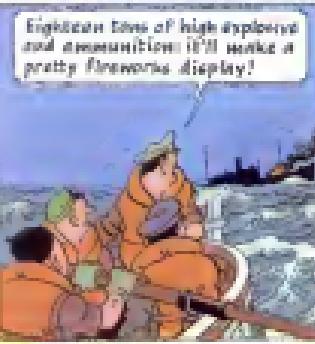
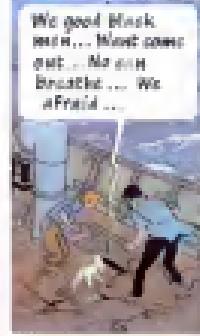
Brokers!... Pirates!... Fili-
usters!... Pickers!... Leav-
ing us in the lurch are a
deuced ship! To carry away
with the lot of you!

Follow me... We'll probably
find a raft up for land.

We obviously
have a vacation
for whalers!

HEY!
HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI!
EFFENDI!



Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



It... it's out... A long word... I was very nearly washed overboard...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain...

You're right, but first of all...

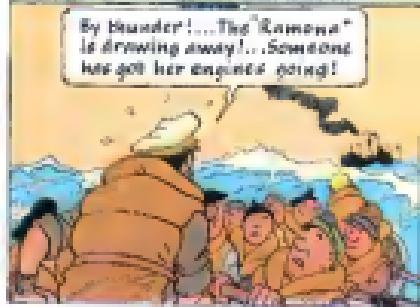


...I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up to the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Camona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!



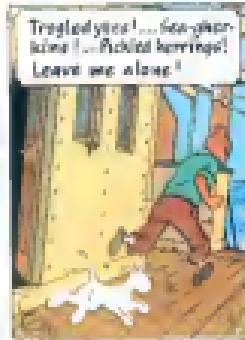
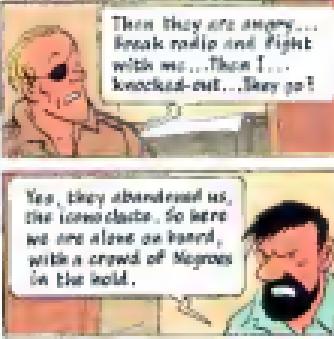
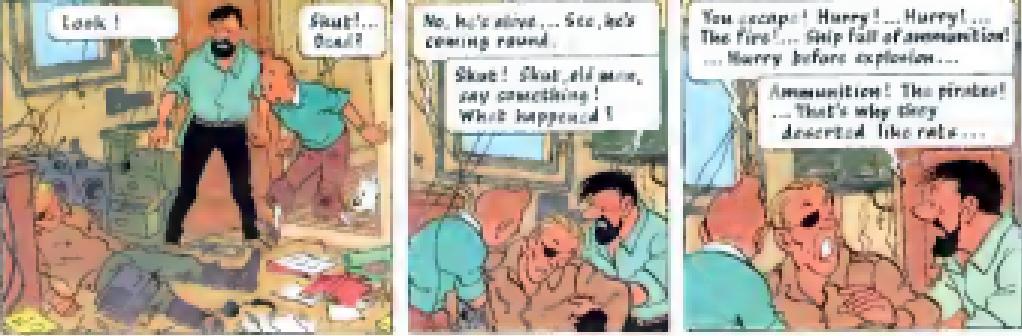
Now! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

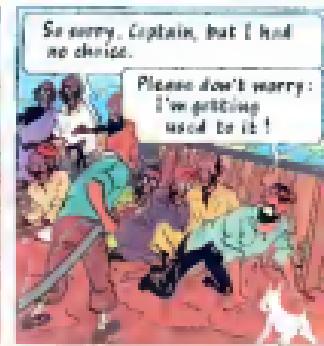
Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



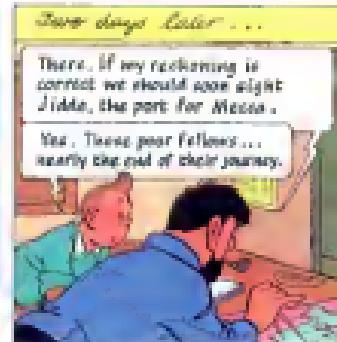
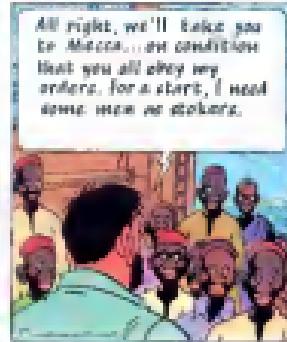
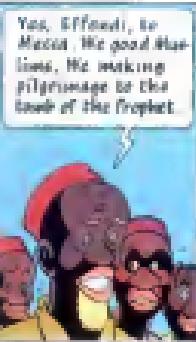




You addie - pated lumps of anthracite, you ! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get ! You knock me flat !

Effendi will be angry... You tell about... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who did poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white man ?

Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh ?



Four follow... Four follow !... You don't still believe there were being sold as slaves ?... It's absurd...

If the Evir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.

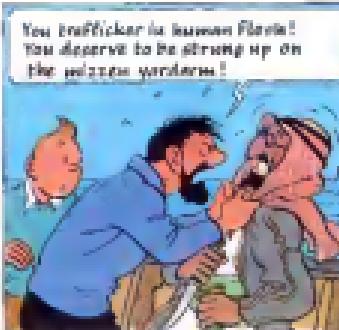
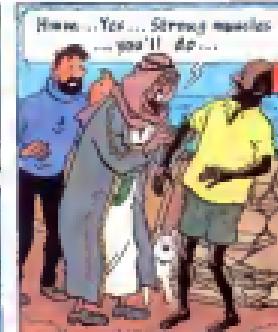
Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading now -adays !



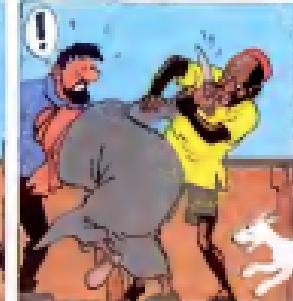
Any... any color !... But...



So it is ! A smuggler ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps ... No,
we're still too far from
shore ... A fisherman,
then ?



LOOKOUT!



You cut-throat, you! ... You're lucky I didn't stuff your board down your gullet! ... But get out... report! And take care that you don't cross my path again!



Sheer off, filibuster! ... One of my eight, you gallows bird!



Bahoon! ... Carpet-seller! ... Paranoiac! ... Rockmark! ... Crimbo! ...



Duck-billed platypus! ... Jetting-dot! ... Bushi-busho! ... Angerapephagus! ... Gencophthirus! ... Psychogabik! ... Er...



That's what you think! He hasn't heard the last of me!



Where now?

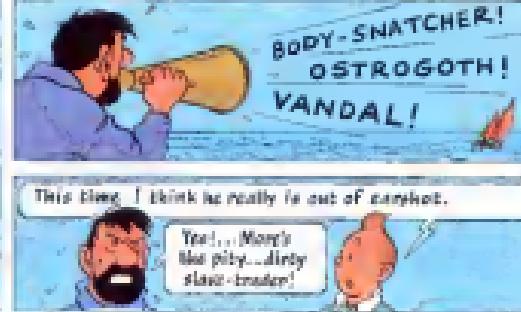
On to the bridge.



PIRATE!
ECTOPLASM
COELACANTH
VULTURE!



BODY-SNATCHER!
OSTROGOOTH!
VANDAL!



By the way... How did you bump into the word "cole"?

I'll show you.



I found this scrap of paper on the table while you were plotting our course on the chart. Read it...

de Gorgonda to Captain &
Ramone
Deliver Cole to the
el Kaid et Sidiya

By the beard of the prophet,
the dog will pay dearly for this!



A fragment of a wireless message sent by de Ganguedou to that gangster Allah! ... And "coca" is a code word for their corps of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's useless for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... But we must try to send out a radio call...



Getting on, Sult!

Still much work,
Captain.

Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?



You, Effendi

You

You

Yes

Yes

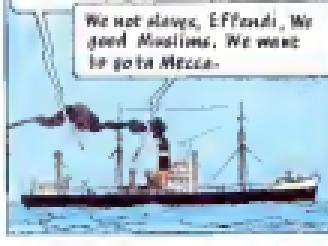
I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You know that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off? ... He's waiting for you in Mecca. He'll buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.

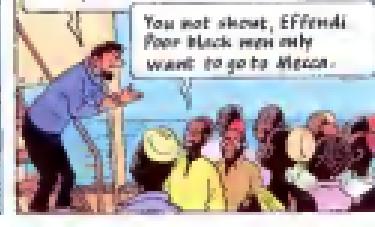


Naturally, I realize that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?



We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslim. We want to go to Mecca.

But millions of these flickering humans, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoon, I can't make it any clearer!



You not slave, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you banchards, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you damned damned cowards, you!

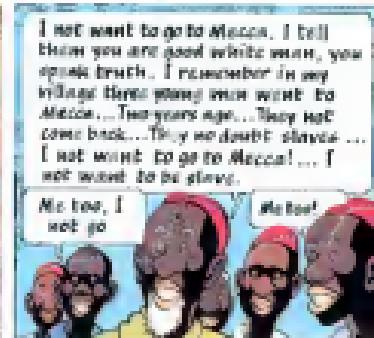


We not cowards, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslim. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do anything! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift these: they want to go to Mecca, stop! That's all! ... It's like bringing your hand against a brick wall!





Good, so I haven't preached in vain... All right, we'll make a bargain: those who don't want to go to Mecca will be landed at another port. As for the rest, they can continue the voyage if they want to...

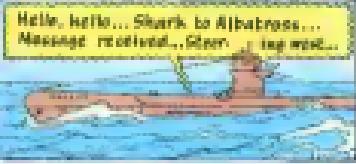


The next morning...

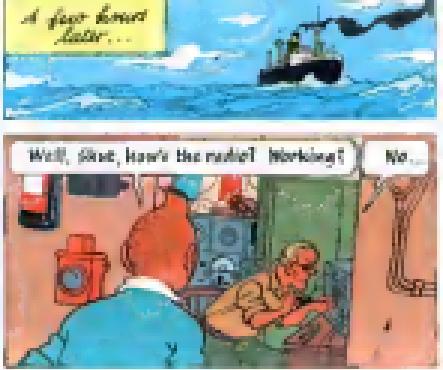
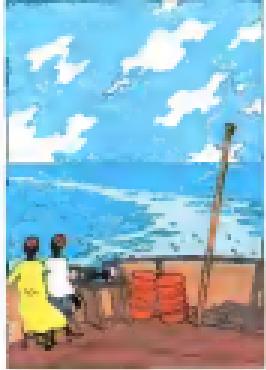
There... the day after tomorrow we'll be at Djibouti, and that'll be the end of our worries...



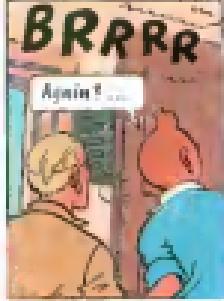
Yes, if all goes well I I shan't be nearly happy till we get there. You can bet that at this very moment al Gargonzola is aware of the situation. And he knows that we know... Watch out for what he's cooking up...



That plane swooping around worried me... If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.



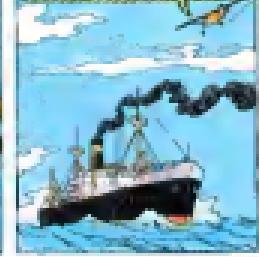
Not... The radio isn't working... I don't find the trouble... I don't know what more to do...



The radio!! Quite all broken now!



Steering due south; she is 30 miles east of Port-Louis-Kybir Island.



That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.



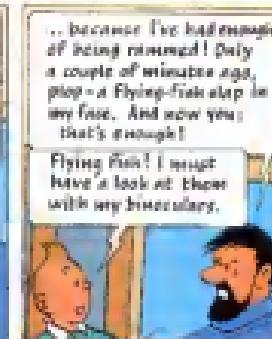
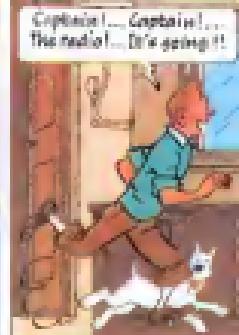
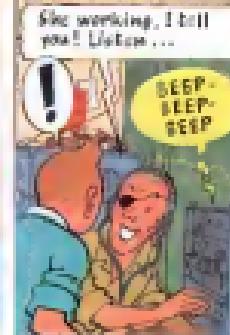
Buzz off, you steel-pigeon! You're asking for a smack on the nose!



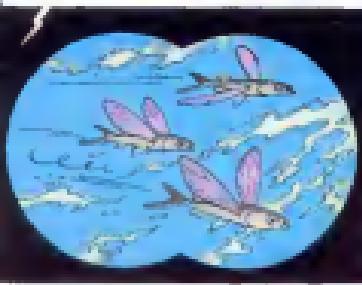
Shark to Albatross. Heading in sight. Preparing to dive.



I say, Skul! I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy....



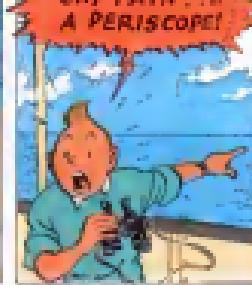
Look at them, swimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world!



CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



Where is it now?... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you...



One thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... SOS... The radio, Skul! Confused! The radio, Skul!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!

You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!

Disaster!... The end!... There's nothing we can do! If they're dirigophile people, we're finished!

But why?

The communications!... In the forward hold... A torpedo is there, and you know the rest!

Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, Harry, everyone on the alert.

Not far away...

More silent within range... They don't know what's in store for them.

This won't take long because... Stand by No. 1 tube...



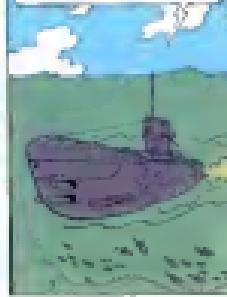
Listening at the radio. You at the wheel, Gert. Repeat my orders when I give them. Steerstarboard, starboard is right; port on the left...



S.O.S... S.O.S... a-a... Rawson calling. Un-submerged submarine in immediate vicinity... We face the worst... Here is our position



Wait a bit, first!



S.O.S... S.O.S... a-a... Rawson calling... In danger of being torpedoed...



Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard!...



Hard a starboard! It is!



Curse on them! They've started moving... They must have spotted us



S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us... S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, about the U.S. Los Angeles...

Am S.O.S. I just picked up, sir!

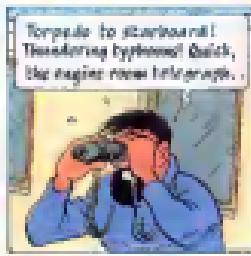
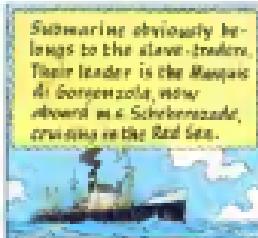
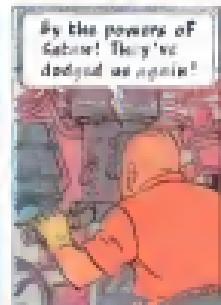
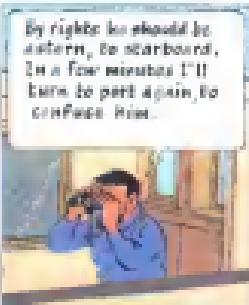
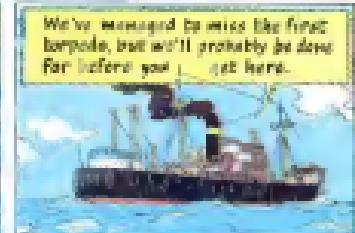
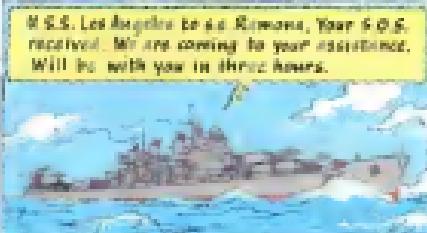
What's all this bally-hoo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?



But meanwhile...

Starboard 20... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 tube.





Thundering typhoon! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



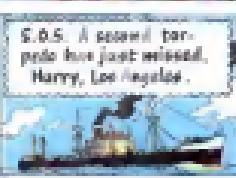
By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



Hurrry! It's passed ahead of us.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



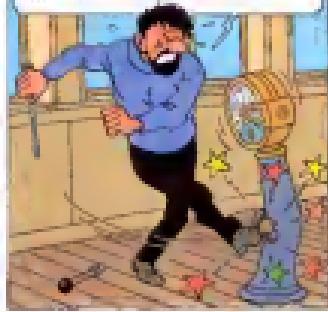
S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Harry, Los Angeles.



REKRAAPENT!... TEEAHKAAT!... You infernal rattlings...



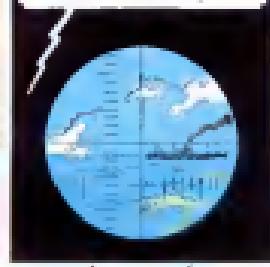
...Take that!... Take that!



YEEOWWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! Mr. B and Mr. C, ready?



BRROM!

Again?

No, they're depth charges?...
Well! I really thought we'd
been torpedoed...

U.S. Navy seaplane, with
these pirates for a target?
...They're certainly machine
from the Los Angeles.

One! Great grandfather's
what a passing!...They'll
be as full as a dinner
role after that!

Well!... There,
that seaplane is
in the water...

Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

Yah... obviously they've
been badly located about...

Victory!... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering...
The game's up.

Hello, little. unidentified sub-
marine? If you're on the surface
and stop your engine, the sus-
picious men and we'll blow you
out of the water.



Torpedoes are one of the greatest
traps... A direct-miss on their
hull!... With the assassin
aboard, it'll look like an accident...
If you get you've plenty of time:
the mine's set to explode in due time.



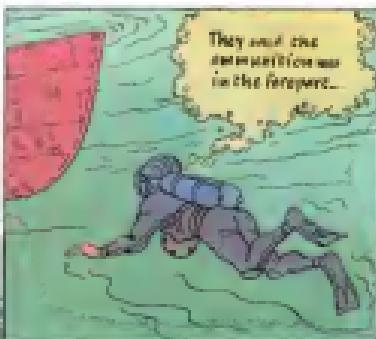
Saved! I'll never
leave you again!

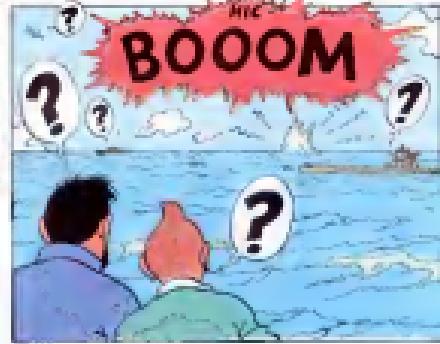
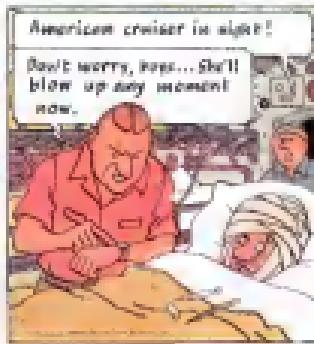
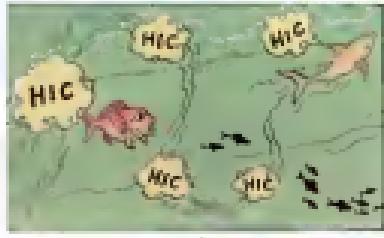
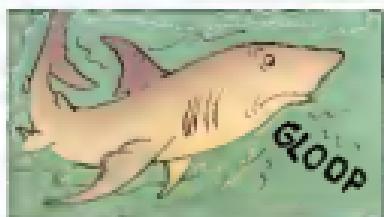
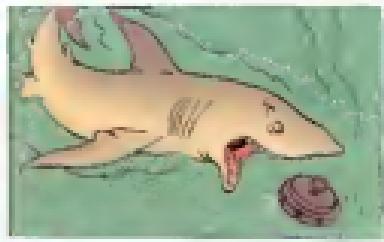
Heaven!

Thank you!

That is what
man's polit-
tance.

They and the
seaplane are
in the foreground...





The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the Poles?



... and Naval craft to intercept the sea Schatzkiste and arrest the owner, alias of Restapopoulos, alias the Marquis d'Ambois...



Lost... all is lost!
... But it's impossible!



Hello... Yes, come up on the bridge... I haven't time, Captain, I... What... I worship... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, arrived Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to leave. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't leave immediately, we'll open fire.

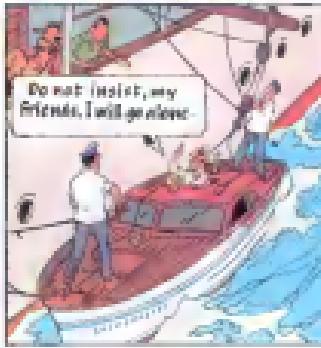


All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge, I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!

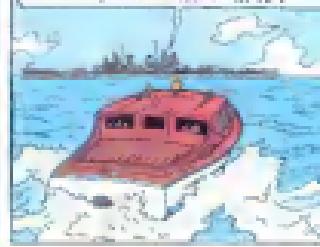


Ah, they're...
Arrived... Excellent... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes,
they're boasting out
a launch... and
Restapopoulos is
going aboard...



... And he's cheering bravely no!... No! this beats everything... To have the chisel in one and
break it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great conduct!... He's sinking!



Wheee! That's done the trick... Just you catch me now grumpy... heh!... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW RELATIONS SHOT IN WORLD
SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS
Traffickers in human lives are unashamed
—CIOKH

EMIR BEN
KALISHEZAB
Reward in
gold for his
head

MULL PASHA
Revolutions
Leader

CAPTAIN
ALLAN

Picking up his Death
Cargo Panel

Coup of
San Theresa

Treasure
Treasure Trove

A change of
guards
in Africa reported
from San Theresa
from Asmara, the
capital of Ethiopia, has
been taking

PIRATE
SUBMARINE
IN RED SEA

pirate submarine
in Red Sea
was captured
by British
navy

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL
Delegates demand international control
of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Planned
that the
Holy cities of
Mecca and
Medina should
be under
international
control

TINTIN
IN NEW
CULTURE

The source of the
armaments used by Sheik Bab
El Ehr in his
defeat of the
Emir Ben Kalishezab
was recently
revealed. These
armaments were surplus
stocks brought up
from Europe by
the agent he had
in the British
Southern Africa
This is the
first time that
this arrangement
has been
revealed.

A fortnight later

Well, what a joy to be home
again, and to breath
the country air.

... and hear the old
familiar sounds ...
Listen, the sound of a
motor, it's the gardener
mowing the lawn ...



Billions of billions like this—
tittering bunched in a thundering typhoon! Another joke
by that infernal child...
Should I never be left in peace??
In peace!!



Sir, Mr. Wigg has just
arrived...

Who?... Jolyon Wigg?...
Oh, no, no!... I must speak
please!... Please!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!...
Hah! hah! hah!... What a lark to see
you again, you old hooligan, you!

Er...



Well, my old amit, I've got a
surprise for you... I know the
country's pretty, but it's dull
at this season...

A matter of taste...



Yes, take it from me, it's dull. So
I said to myself, "Jolyon," I said,
"you must do and live things up
for that old stick-in-the-mud..."

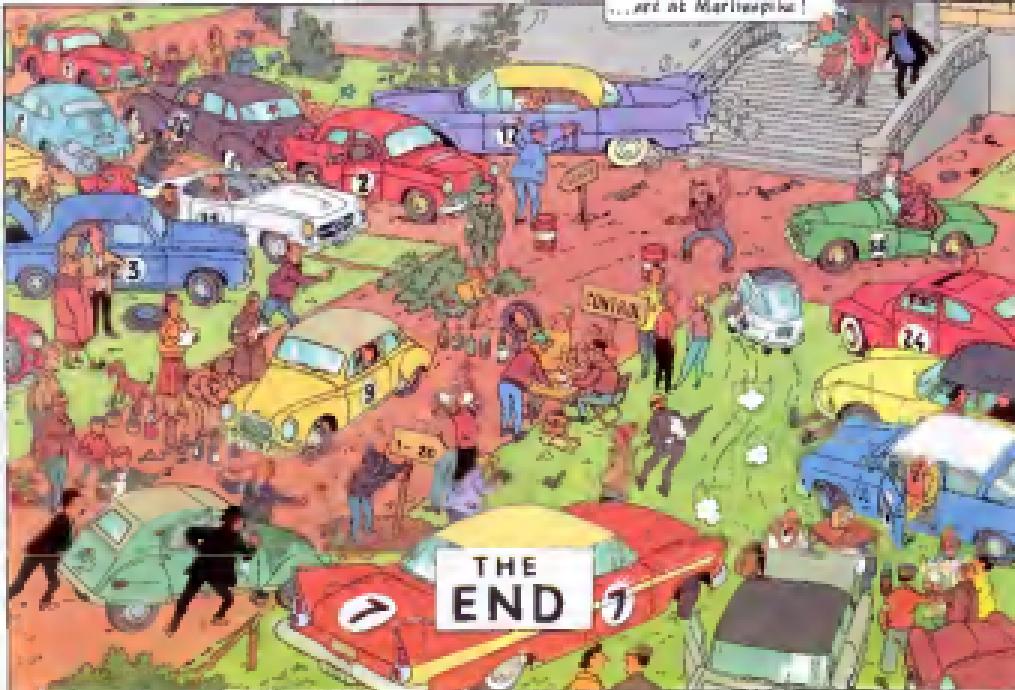
That's very kind
of you, but...

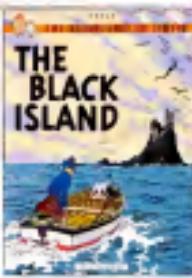
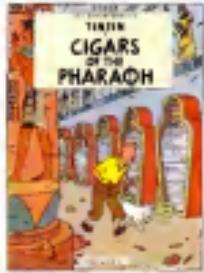
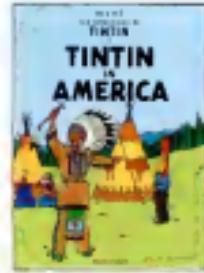


Now, now, turn it up! No hush! Too
easy. The president of the Vegetabowl
Car Club drove my way; all I've had to
do is organize a rally, and the final
trial...



...and at Marlinspike!





HERGÉ'S
ADVENTURES
OF TINTIN

Collected all 21
of these adventures!

ALSO BY HERGÉ

The Adventures of
Jo, Zette & Jocko

The Valley of the Cobras

Mr. Pump's Legacy

Destination New York

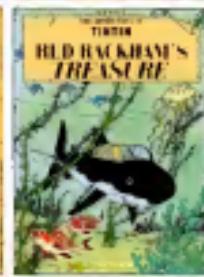
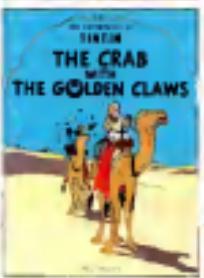
The Making of Tintin

The Making of Tintin in
the World of the Inca

The Making of Tintin:
Mission to the Moon

The Tintin Games Book

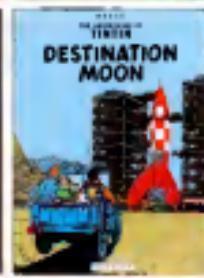
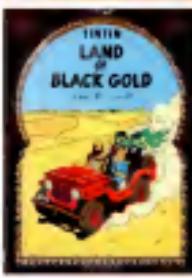
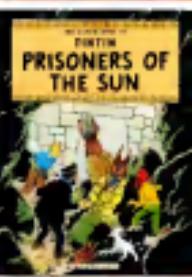
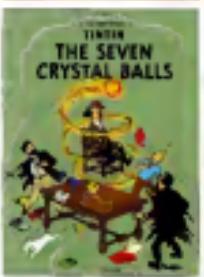
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